

The History of

*Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.*

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along.
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dow. That's the worst tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty found.

Hor. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hor. Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us muster speedily,

Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.

Dow. Talkenot of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe year.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiours shall march through; Wee'l to *Suttoncop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty,
take them all, I'll answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be asham'd of my Souldiours, I am a sowst Gurnet; I
have misused the Kings presse damnably. I have got in exchange
of 150. Souldiours, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the Banes, such a co-
modity of warme slaves, as had as lief heare the Divell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a
strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I prest me none but such
Tofts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they have brought out their services: and now, my
whole

Henry

whole charge consists of A
Gentlemen of Companies, S
painted Cloth where the Gl
such as indeed were never S
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the C
peace, times more dishonori
cient: and such have I to fill
bought out their services, th
hundred and fifty tottered P
keeping, from eating draffe
on the way, and told me I
prest the dead bodies. No
I'll not march thorow *Cove*
the villains march wide bet
on, for indeed, I had the mo
a Shirt & a halfe in all my
Napkins tackt together, an
a Herald's coate without sle
stolne from mine Host of S
of *Daintry*: but that's all on
every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and

Prin. How now blowne

Fal. What *Hal*? How now
in *Warwickshire*? My good
thought your honour had a

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis
and you too; but my power
tell you, looks for us all;

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steal C
ready made thee butter: bu
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never see suc

Fal. Tut, tut good enou